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Bard

But what I was waiting for
was another thing
an article of faith
like a forest stretching east in fog

GARDEN OF GLASS

garden of glass not
flowers the ancient
breakage of our tilth

rise up in the percolation
of soil above bedrock
it does it does the earth
is also a flow

the fragments of another year
glint in my hand

ten years I've walked this garden
gathering from the same bare
shadowy patch of earth
new tidings from the interior

as if inside this softness
the world also is glass

breaks its way out to us

breaks for us

glass in my hand

1 August 2001

POSTREMITY

Spellcheck your sacred ass
The rapt sound of the light brigade
Tumbling into the dark. We dote
On recency but we collect cigars.

1 August 2001

(handful of glass 2)

But the handful of glass
stays with me, the high pomposity
of art,
 a feel in the hand, that's all, long
after the glass is in the garbage

the broken pieces rise up through the lawn.
The percolation. The haircut
but still the thoughts persist
you'd think trim sides and back
would silence some desire
 ease
the imagined catastrophes
dull fear of one thing following
another forever
 and then not.

This also
 is a glass, intact and cool,
almost empty or is it almost
full I drink on Lammas
remembering the strange weather we inherit
to live in a physical world at all.

1 August 2001

And of what ruin did this breaking come
Who broke the window
Who dropped the glass?

Window pane it must be, the glass is flat, thin,
Dangerous
 As seeing is,

The fatal glance that through the window lighted

Let the understanding answer
a picture fallen off the sky
I take home and talk to

breathe my wanting onto it until
it answers. But all it says
is weather.

That means there is no single moment
I don't have to understand.
I am busy night and day

Understanding what my picture says.
The one that fell, the one
I keep thinking looks more and more like you.

2 August 2001

why does it touch so
break so this handful
that could wreck my hand
just lies there in my palm

lies lies a nest of angles
still gleaming in a dirty world
a handful of glass
all the jagged numbers of the real

It is broken, it is they now
they grew in my garden
shards and weird geometries
a handful of pain

but only if I grasp and squeeze
no pain if I let go
just a delicate thinking music
like Nora Barnacle's chamber pot

any broken water

2 August 2001

but why does it get me so
I can't stop thinking
of the light and shape and delicate
weight of it in my hand

my poor pale hand
that raised such fatal wheat

the weight of light

2 August 2001

PASTORAL

the mower's trimmer groans
slow to fast slow to fast
like a man straining at stool

2 August 2001

Let a tile sit in the sun
till the porous clay drinks in
the juice of everything we see as light

a tile holds everything in its hands
puts it on the floor or on the roof

everything anything the blue blur
of common words, the pompous rhetoric
that says this is this and that is that

the terrible monarchy of verb.

2 August 2001

all the coordinates align
and you are mine

there is a story
that the rain can tell

but no way for me to understand it
missing as I am from this high
ceremony of the way things are

3 August 2001

you are the one
my story told

dimly, fraspig
through the habits
of my fixes
at what was to become

you were to come
to me
I am afraid to say
how much you did
you do, in the fixation

of knowledge
the one I had never known
who knows more than I
know and knows
even me
among the tumultuous
losses a single found.

3 August 2001

or understanding what it means it says
the broken harbor in a northern coast *alors*
the sound of rain into the blue shadow
which is all the window sees and you

what do you see of the Eternal Foe
kvetching at the windowsill and hurting
our eyes with staring into moveless dark
in hopes of seeing someone move

and that be you, the enemy is any me.

3 August 2001

Late to Margaret's funeral
We stood in the doorway
Of the crowded church
Hot inside, hot out here

Leaning on the old white wood
Two big nails driven in
Beside the lintel, why,
What Anglican superstition

Holds us to this place.
This life. Along the church wall
Phantom hostas are withering
Lackluster purple ruin

Inside the church a sarabande
Bach knew everything and spoke
Everybody here is really sad
Don't want her to be dead

No one comes into his own
Through such a departure. But the hosta
Who are called phantom because
They know a thing or two of resurrection

Will come back from this wreckage
And be purple all over again.
Hymn tunes happen, can't hear the words,
We see the names of all the dead

Petrified identities in the graveyard
Stone by stone I read them
All the way up the hill to where
The big white cross stands, Christless,

He is elsewhere, maybe everywhere,
Compassioning the screw of the heart
Tighter, leaving us with our grief
And the sad vague hope of flowers.

4 August 2001

They are thin
I want to sleep
with every one
of them this
is what language
does, it makes us think
what we see
is what we get.
Beasts know better,
one bite and run away.

4 August 2001

And there are sarabandes
That don't go slow, breasts
Flashed on late night TV
Pixel'd into glaring not
Quite visibility the censor
Is busy with us still
The human bust a bomb
They must defuse the horror
The horror of what we
Look like beneath our
Layer of money
The clothed whole
Woman the net
Worth of a man.

4 August 2001, late

but how far the determinant
rebutts the chance you grace
by swirl alone a whiff of clean
and then you're gone science
is fiction every morning
you taste of touch

5 August 2001

You held me lightly
on the lips of lap

I was a book that is
the other's words

coming towards your mouth
no wonder the sun

tree roads birds heat.
Everything was complete

and you inscribed your name
here in the unremembering white.

5 August 2001

It is something with a file or fife or flute or why
Didn't my sister tell me what she knew
The long hard emptiness that made her want

How could I understand an absence in the other
When everything was absences in me?

Or nobody knows what they know or what they don't
And spend every night counting the same stars
That burned out of the sky a billion years ago

We count on shadows and say rosaries of silence
When the word has lost the shape of itself
And anything anyhow is only a shapely forgetting?

5 August 2001